

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXII, No. 29.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1942

SIX PAGES

Student Awards Presented This Evening

Council Consumes Remainder Of Fall Peanuts; Decide They Are Marginal Entrepreneurs

Hep it Up in St. Joe's Library Wednesday Evening

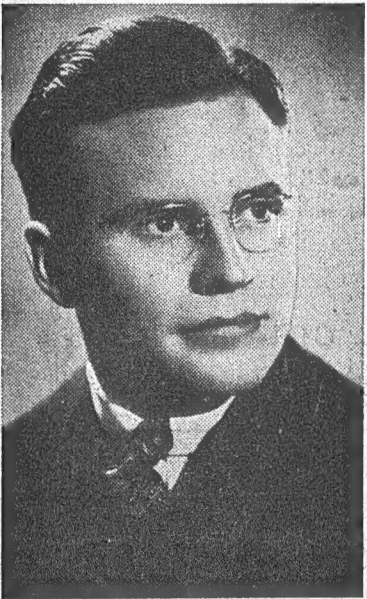
MCCORMICK DOZES

Plan Courtmartial on Assault-at-Arms Ticket Sale—Appoint Frank Meston New Editor Gateway

By Charon

Solemnity was the order of the day as the Council sat down at their usual meeting place in St. Joseph's College on Wednesday evening. Solemnly the President called the meeting to order; solemnly the Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting; solemnly the President made a correction; solemnly the motion was made to adopt the minutes as corrected; solemnly it was seconded, and solemnly the minutes were accepted. Then out of a clear blue skylight came an amazing motion by Councilman Lebel. He moved that the peanuts left over from the

HEADS E.S.S.



B. J. Anderson, this year's vice-president of the Engineering Students' Society, was elected Tuesday to the office of president of that organization.

Engineers Parade, Hold Elections

There is a motto which Engineers attach to every annual undertaking of their society which goes "Bigger and Better Than Ever." So this week the slide rule men had but one thing in mind, "The Election and Parade—Bigger and Better than Ever." There, too, was another thing that spurred them on, it was the tremendous lack of interest which greeted the Students' Council elections, and so the Beer-Guzzlers went out to show the world that there were at least 309 students on the campus.

In order to convince everyone as to how they wanted them to vote, the slide-rule men retired to their corners and began preparing for a monster parade. The fact that every Engineer who alone had votes would be in the parade and would thus not witness it did not occur to them. But on Tuesday morning, March 17, the long heralded event came off.

Leading the parade was Norm Grant, and behind him followed as grand an array as was ever seen behind Alexander the Great or on fifty-cent day. Following him was a military band which would make the Grenadiers blush to their busies with envy. Then strung out in a long line came a mixture of giffers, trappers, miners, Indians, Petty models and every sort of human being from an Eskimo to a peer. Throughout this conglomeration rode a fair young damsel—naked except for her long golden hair—guiding her horse amongst an admiring throng and proclaiming, "God-Ty-a-vote for."

Every man carried a sign calling for support of some candidate or other. "Be a Pal—Support Anderson," they cried, or "Don't lose your head—vote Willson." "Some chicken, some neck, some grEGG" and "Of Corsets Bate" called others. "Down that man-hole—vote Law" called one in reply to "The better 'ole—vote for it" and "Let George do it." Campaign headquarters consisted of the latest model portable complete to the Eaton catalogue. Designed and built by the third year Civils, the dominating edifice stood between the South Lab and the Arts Building, and was fitted with loud-speaker system so that its occupants could call out to the world their choice of candidates.

Coming together in a huge circle, the parade called for another 40 beers, and then high-tailed it for the Arts rotunda, where they cast their ballots. Elected members were: President, B. J. Anderson; Vice-President, Jack Gregg; and Secretary-Treas, Bob Hole.

Council's attempt at entrepreneurship during the rugby season be eaten then and there by the Council members. Quickly was the motion seconded and passed. Councilman Lebel passed out the peanuts. Thus are the funds of government dissipated.

Your correspondent suspects that there was more in this motion than meets the eye. As you all know, Lebel is to be next year's Treasurer, and taking into consideration the attitude held by Treasurer McCormick throughout the year, we deduce that Councilman Lebel was wondering how on earth he could ever compute interest at 1½% on 4,375¼ peanuts, compounded half-yearly.

Another important matter brought up for discussion at the meeting was that of the election of the House Committee. Last year we were the only University in the world that had a House Committee without a house for them to committee about. The Provost had suggested that elections for the Committee be held at the same time as and on the same ballots as those of the Students' Union. Council felt that the work done by the House Committee in the past year did not warrant Council spending the extra money which would have been required to include their elections under the Students' Union elections. Furthermore, a great deal more work would have been entailed to get out separate voting lists for the out of town students.

It was felt, however, that changes should be made with a view to correcting the uselessness of the House Committee. As a result, the House Committee was thrown out entirely, and the duties of its chairman with regard to the Committee on Student Affairs and the Medical Services Board were turned over to the chairman of the Constitutional Enforcement Committee.

Nor was this all the business taken up concerning the Constitutional Enforcement Committee. This esteemed body will shortly consider the actions of Mr. O. Stubbs, Mr. S. Pearson and Mr. D. Elefthery concerning what they did not do at the recent Assault-at-Arms tournament with Saskatchewan. It appears that no tickets were sold. A faux pas like that is unforgivable in the mind of Treasurer McCormick. Result: Courtmartial.

Not content with rousing the Constitutional Enforcement Committee from its Law Library lethargy the Council proceeded to supply it with a set of newer and sharper dentures. A series of amendments to the constitution gives it the power of practically life and death over anyone brought before it. The C.O.T.C. may yet have the opportunity of giving a demonstration of a firing squad in action. At the end of the meeting a few members of Council expressed the fear that the Committee might have Council interned and democratic government removed from the ken of men and women on the campus.

However powerful the renovated Committee might be, I wonder if its power is great enough to control the actions of a private citizen entirely unconnected with the Students' Union and under their jurisdiction in no way whatsoever. I am referring to Stan Pearson, who is not a member of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta or of any other university. What is that grinding noise I hear? Are these teeth I see? Ah, yes! They are the rare Dentalisus McCormickus.

Shade of the censors! The Council brought up the question of appointments to the major Gateway positions for next year, and literally bounced the press out of the room. Upon my return I was informed that Frank Meston was to be Editor-in-Chief for the year 1942-43, and Bill Payne was to be Business Manager.

With Color Night in their minds, an amendment was considered by our esteemed representatives making the Athletic Director a member of the Awards Committee next year. At one point, when the Treasurer dozed off, the Council slipped in a quip, and voted about \$70 (left over from Goose week-end) to the

LAURELS



Here are some of the award certificates that will be presented tonight for outstanding work in extra-curricular activities. Altogether, over two hundred awards will be made. Presenting them will be Dean R. D. Sinclair, Dean of Agriculture; Roger Flumerfelt, President Literary Association; Jack Park, Editor-in-Chief of Gateway; Ross Alger, Director of the Year Book; Miss Mabel Patrick, Chairman of Women's Athletic Committee; and Dr. J. S. Shoemaker.

I.S.S. fund.

Quick to seize advantage of the lull in our Treasurer's mental acumen, Demetrio Elefthery made a valiant attempt to have \$6 voted to defray unforeseen expenses in regard to the hockey banquet. At the first murmur about such a minute amount (and horror! an unbudgeted amount), the Treasurer sprang to his feet with a lusty battle cry. A horrified "Oh, Don!" from a feminine representative brought him to an abrupt stop. The cold stares of his fellow executive members caused him to subside into a bass rumble. The subsidy was passed by Council, but not without giving McCormick the satisfaction of demanding a detailed expense account. God help the man who slipped anything on the swindle sheet that shouldn't be there. McCormick would probably rise up in righteous indignation and, wielding his newly powerful Constitutional Enforcement Committee, beat him severely about the head and shoulders.

Secretary Stewart then took the stage and proceeded to lay an egg. A long and involved amendment of the constitution was presented by the Hon. Mr. Stewart with three or four alternatives. Eventually it was discovered that the labor undertaken by Mr. Stewart was in vain, because the members would not even consider it. It is interesting to note that Roger Flumerfelt relinquished his copy, serial, movie and radio rights to Mr. Stewart to aid him in presenting his case. It has been Mr. Flumerfelt's sole privilege throughout the year to "present a picture" or to "create a picture" of a situation for the Council members. Mr. Stewart borrowed this right, and not only did he "present" and "create," but he also "presented." That is abuse of privilege, Mr. Stewart.

Time out was taken to provide the Dramatic Society with a brace and bit. Not a Gee-Haw one.

All in all, the meeting was well conducted. The famous line of the evening was:

Macbeth (to McCormick about renovation of the Constitutional Enforcement Committee): "How can two people come to blows over a constitutional question?"

It is evident that Mr. Macbeth does not spend much time around the Students' Union office. Ralph Adshad is making quite a profit selling suits of armor in the vestibule.

NOTICE

The University Choir will present on Good Friday morning, April 3, 1942, in Convocation Hall at 10:00 a.m., Sir John Stainer's famous "Crucifixion." The soloists taking part in conjunction with a choir of about 50 voices will be Roger Flumerfelt, baritone; Rudolf Schulze, bass; Ralph Jamison, bass.

College of Education Plans Accelerate Teacher Training Courses To Meet Shortage

3-Year Course B.Educ. Degree

The Council of the College of Education has recently drafted several new programs which will be given in the Faculty of Education from and after the close of the present session if the Senate authorizes the changes now recommended. In order that the proposed Faculty of Education may assist without delay in supplying teachers for the many vacancies on high school staffs resulting from enlistments, the University Senate is being asked for early endorsement of the proposed new courses so that they may be in effect before the beginning of the special session (May 20th to October 31st).

Of immediate interest to undergraduates is the fact that a three-year undergraduate course leading to a B.Educ. degree is outlined. Candidates qualifying for the B.Educ. degree receive a senior diploma and a high school certificate, valid in Grades VII to XII. Students who have completed two years of a program leading to a B.A., B.Sc., B.Com., B.Sc. in H.E.C., or B.Sc. in Agric. degree, may transfer to the new B.Educ. course either at the beginning of the 1942-1943 session or on May 20th (accelerated session), and qualify for the B.Educ. degree and high school certificate at the end of either term.

Students who have completed one year's undergraduate study in the courses named above may transfer to the two-year junior diploma course, and complete it either in the 1942-1943 session or in the special session of May 20th-Oct. 31st.

For information concerning the above courses consult the College of Education.

STUDENT MUSIC HOUR FOR SUNDAY, MAR. 29

The last Students' Music Hour of the session will be held Sunday, March 29, at 8:00 p.m. Place of meeting is the studios of CKUA. Members and all others interested are invited to attend. Come, relax and forget your examinations for a short time.

Color Night To Be Held In Corona, Starting 6:30 p.m., Dress Worn To Be Optional

Executive, Literary, Gateway, Year Book Athletic Awards

BANQUET PRECEDES PRESENTATIONS

Cec Cameron's Orchestra For Dancing

"Color Night"—the very term previews the brilliancy and the colorfulness of the occasion, when the Students' Union of the University will present its diverse awards to those deserving U. of A.'ers who have set the high standards necessary in the numerous fields to gain recognition on the campus.

To the Color Night banquet and dance to be held in the Corona Hotel on Friday evening at 6:30 p.m., every award winner is invited. But the Students' Union Executive has issued a general invitation to the student-body to attend this affair of affairs. Ticket sales have been of record capacity, and U. of A. collegiates have again proved that Color Night is the most popular social affair of the year. Remember that dress is semi-formal.

A Night is the second award affair held on our campus planned along the pattern of the award nights across Canada and U.S.A. The brain-child of Cec Robson last year, Color Night is fast becoming a tradition on our campus. As different as the affair itself are the programs. A huge gold block "A" adorns the initial green page. Inside surprise follows surprise, as every page of the extensive program proves to be a different color of the rainbow printed with multi-colored inks. Truly, color is going to be the word for the brilliant evening.

To give the affair the proper collegiate spirit, and especially to Alberta spirit, the guests will join in singing the Varsity song. The Varsity yell, too, will be in order, and will help make the affair the friendly success the executive hope for.

The presentation of awards will be the feature of the evening, but U. of A.'ers are reminded that the dance that is to be part of the evening's entertainment. Music will be by Cec Cameron.

Mr. Ralph Jamison, who made his debut to the University musical circles as the Pirate King in the "Pirates of Penzance," will have another opportunity to show his talents in two songs, "Myself When Young" from "In a Persian Garden" by Lisa Lehmann, and "Friend o' Mine" by Wilfred Sanderson. He will be accompanied by Mr. Victor Graham.

Bernice McBeth, who is not a student at the University but who played the role of Edith in the "Pirates," will sing two songs, "Still as the Night" by Bohn and "The Rose Complained" by Robert Franz. Bernice is well known in Edmonton musical circles, and she is the holder of the Besse Evans Duggan Memorial Trophy and also gold medalist in the mezzo-soprano competitions of the last Alberta Musical Festival.

A string quartet composed of Walter Holowach, Lydia Tsukarnyk, Jack Brown and N. Cartnell will play four numbers, "Andante and Allegro" from Twelfth Symphony by Mozart, "Angel Gabriel" by Alfred Toichon, "Rondo" by Mozart, and "Allegro Grazioso" by A. Gretry. Mr. Holowach, who has been conductor of the University Philharmonic Orchestra for the past two years, is again a welcome guest, with his associates, Miss Tsukarnyk, Mr. Brown and Mr. Cartnell. This string ensemble promises to be a most fitting climax to the final function of the year. Mr. Holowach is a graduate of the Vienna Conservatory of Music, which he attended for six years, and during which time he was a first violinist in the Vienna Symphony Orchestra.

Every student on the campus is invited to attend and bring their friends.

Nurses Banquet At the Shasta

B.Sc. Nurses spent Thursday, Mar. 12, reviving old memories and adding new ones to their repertoires at their annual banquet. The function took place at the Shasta, and was the last event of the nurses' social year.

Second year nurses were in charge of the arrangements, and they plotted to have nurses of other vintages do most of the work. After Miss Ruth McClure, nurse president, had summed up progress and distributed customary bouquets, the first year nurses showed they were not too intelligent by being nosed out in a "quiz-kids" display by the fourth year bright lights. The title of the quiz, "Information Please," proved wishful thinking.

Miss Augusta Evans, honorary president of the club, and Miss Helen McArthur were guests of honor.

With Sylvia Ness as pianist, a sing-song was held, and the evening ended with the traditional lament of parting friends, "Auld Lang Syne."

"... I have been at a very funny meeting, an Intelligence Officers' Conference. Whom should I meet there but Jack Washburn, I.O., and Funny Gregg, I.O., and myself, I.O. What a collection of brains!"

THE GATEWAY



Published each Tuesday and Friday throughout the College Year under authority of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

MEMBER OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Advertising Manager of The Gateway, Room 151 Arts Building, University of Alberta. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year in the United States and Canada.

TELEPHONE 31155

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOHN D. PARK
BUSINESS MANAGER WILLIAM MARTIN

Friday Edition

Editor Mary Barbara Mason
Editor James S. Woods
News Editor L. Secord Jackson
News Editor Gordon Brown
Sports Editor Bill Hewson
C.U.P. Editor Charley Glebe
Women's Editor Victoria Wachowich
Features Editor Queena Wershof
Filing Clerk Walter Galner
Casserole Editor René Boileau

Business Staff

Circulation Manager Alan Kershaw
Asst. Circulation Manager Gordon Smith
Advertising Manager Bruce Hunter
Advertising Solicitor Bill Payne

THE recent report of the University Survey Committee recommended that the advisability of instituting a quarter term system at this University be explored. The quarter term system is an organization of the academic year that has been accepted by many American universities. It entails a division of the year into four sessions, each session comprising approximately twelve weeks. The four weeks remaining in the calendar year after subtracting the academic year, furnish September and Christmas vacations. Students may attend the whole four sessions each year, if they so desire, but ordinarily they are expected to take one or more sessions off, either as holidays or as time to earn their tuition. All courses are organized on a twelve-week basis, each twelve-week course counting as a complete unit. Final examinations are held at the end of each quarter.

The quarter system is, in some respects, quite advantageous. In Arts, students carry three subjects a quarter, with lectures in each subject five days a week. This day by day pursuit of a small number of courses is conducive to greater concentration on the part of the student. Moreover, it dispenses with a certain disjointedness in the lectures of the instructors, which under our system is likely to be covered by the lapse of two full days between lectures.

Examination schedules are easy, since there can be no conflicting courses. Each student takes a given course at the same hour every day of the week. This enables the registrar's office simply to list in succession the hours at which final examinations will be written for all 8:00 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 11:00 a.m. classes. Even as we are able to dispense with conflicting hours of examination, so are we able to avoid many of the complexities of registration. Conflicting courses are kept to a minimum.

The "load" on the physical plant, that is, the lecture rooms, the laboratories and so on, is spread over twelve months instead of being peaked on seven. If there should be a post-war rush to the University, the plant could handle a greater number of students than would be possible under the present system.

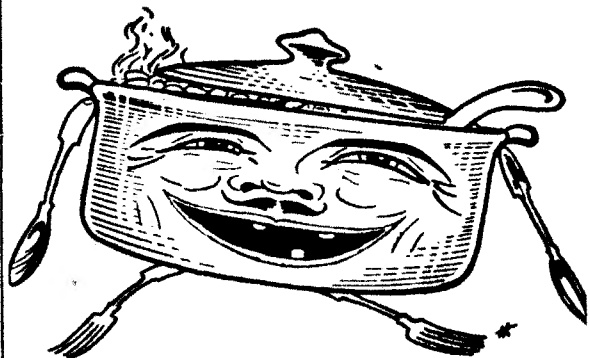
Members of the faculty may take their vacations during any quarter. This would permit them to attend other universities, and to hear other outstanding men in whose work they are particularly interested. Instructors now have their vacations at a time when all other Canadian universities are closed down.

Failure in a course is not serious, since only one quarter's work is involved. Students may take the normal three quarters per year and reach a degree in four years, or study four quarters and reach the degree in three, or they may spread the course over as many years as finances dictate. Under our system, all students have their vacations at the same time. This seasonal rush has sometimes in the past tended to swamp the market for jobs. Under a quarter system, vacations would be "staggered," permitting students to gain employment throughout the whole year. It is possible that employers might come to have positions that they would fill habitually with students, for students would at all times be available.

On the other hand, employers would be unwilling to send students into northern camps for an eleven week period. Many students now find employment with mining and transportation companies who are willing to hire students provided that they work for at least four months, might be reluctant to employ them for so short a time. This difficulty might be overcome if students took two quarters, or twenty-four weeks, off instead of a single quarter.

Another objection to the quarter system would be the awkwardness of fitting in summer school. School teachers, with their eight week vacation, could not possibly attend a twelve-week course. American

CASSEROLE



He—Do you like beer?
She—Yes.
He—I wondered why you carried that mug around.

He—Only a mother could love a face like that.
She—I'm about to inherit a million dollars.
He—I'm about to become a mother.

Teacher—Now if I were to be flogged what would that be?
Pupil—Corporal punishment.
Teacher—And if I were to be beheaded?
Pupil—Oh, that would be capital!

Patriotic citizen during the war addressing a cow-hand:
"See here, young man, why aren't you at the front?"

"Wal, I reckon it's mostly because this cow ain't any different from any other cow."

The girl stood on the running board,
Very deeply did she think;
To get off meant a threadbare coat,
To get in meant a mink.

Ann—Bill's an awful pest. He never knows when to stop.
Betty—That's strange. I was out riding with him last night, and he found a dandy place.

Sonnet to a Glamour Girl

Woses are wed,
Viowlets are bwue,
The wain on the woorf
Weminds me of you—
Dwip, Dwip, Dwip.

A Kain-tuckian entered a saloon with his wife and three-year-old boy. He ordered two straight whiskies.
"Hey, Pa," the kid asked, "ain't Ma drinkin'?"

Evangelist—Hell is filled with vice, gamblers, drunkards and naughty chorus girls.
Sinner—O Death—where is thy sting?

This terribly religious lady lived in a room across the lane from one in which a gentleman lived. The gentleman had the unusual habit of failing to draw the shades before retiring to bed. The lady stood it as long as she could, then reported the matter to the police, who demanded proof. She invited a cop to watch the gentleman's window from her room.
The two sat in silence while the gentleman prepared to retire.

Then the policeman exclaimed: "But, my dear lady, I can only see the gentleman's shoulders."
"Yes, but get up on that table and have a look," replied the religious one.

teachers have a three months vacation. We would have to carry the summer school as an additional burden while a regular quarter was in session. All sorts of problems could conceivably arise.

To begin new courses three or four times a year and carry on advanced ones would be impossible in many of the small departments of this University. The quarter system would demand a great increase in number of staff and in numbers, though not necessarily size, of classrooms.

The quarter system requires subdivision of the scope of courses. Very often this gives rise to overlapping and lost motion between different courses of the same instructor. Under our system, the student is subjected to eight or ten important examinations each year; under the quarter system there would be at least eighteen such examinations. The quarter system also tends to create the odious habit of ticking off credits. Under our system, a student may live with a subject for a year and really know it in the end. But a twelve-week system tends to inspire hasty memorization and equally hasty forgetting.

Our long vacation makes travel possible; a short one would not. With a three months vacation, an Alberta scholar could not, because of our geographical remoteness, travel to the world centres of learning with any real profit. Junior instructors are likely to be soul-destroyed by the necessity of teaching the same course four times a year for many years.

At this University, all examination results are gone over by a Revisions Committee. This committee inspects all results, student by student. It is a guarantee of fairness. Under the quarter system it is not possible to take time to review results of the examinations. A student must know if he has passed his courses before he can register for the next group of courses. With only a week elapsing between the end of one quarter and the beginning of another, a careful investigation into results is impossible.

These, then, are some of the problems that would have to be considered if a quarter system were instituted on this campus. The student body should consider the advantages and disadvantages of this system carefully, for if it were begun, it would affect them directly.

THE FUTURE

QUOTEUNQUOTE

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an Eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.—From Milton's Areopagitica (1644).

Contrast this with Russia's attitude and our own. The Soviet Union is determined upon the utter defeat of Germany. So are we. The Soviet Union is determined to do all that is in its power to ensure that Germany cannot launch further wars upon the world. So are we. Out of the untold sufferings of the present war, the Soviet Union wishes to gain a lasting peace for all its people. So do we. For these common objects we must work together to win the war and to win the peace. With the experience of our Moscow talks fresh in my mind, I am convinced that we can do both.—Anthony Eden.

The Prussia of Frederick the Great was a small, rather barren kingdom, which had no chance of successfully competing under peace-time conditions with its better endowed neighbors. There was only one way it could achieve great power, and that was by organizing and turning to good account the military genius of its ruling class. Its staple industry, so to speak, should be war. It could become the highly organized state equivalent of one of those medieval robber barons. It would live by the sword. That was the old Prussian idea, and Imperial Germany never lost sight of it, and then, in our time, Nazi Germany gave it a new and still more terrible lease of life. Fascist Italy was a weak imitation. Japan, always dominated by military cliques, was inspired by the same idea. And now we come to the real roots of the world conflict. For powers so inspired and organized must bear the same relation to other powers, intent upon peaceable pursuits, that the professional gangster bears to the ordinary citizen. And we have seen in international affairs during these last few years every characteristic feature of gangsterism—the blackmailing touch, the racket, the hold-up, whole nations have been taken for a ride.

Notice that in the four chief Allied countries—the British Empire, the United States, Russia and China—never at any time has it been preached that making war is the chief end of man's activity. In none of our countries has war ever been regarded as anything better than an evil necessity. But when we turn to the chief Axis countries, we find that constantly war has been held up as the most glorious, satisfying and richly rewarding of human activities. And what is this but gangster talk, gunman philosophy? So now, when we ask what we are fighting about, we can reply at once, that we are fighting this gangster habit of mind, which makes life intolerable to decent citizens. Notice that I am not pretending that the international system challenged by this gangsterism was perfect, any more than I would suggest that the life of the ordinary citizen threatened by the racketeer and gunman is perfect. What I am saying is that the operations of this gangster habit of mind on any scale simply make life intolerable, so that if this habit of mind cannot be converted and heaven knows, we have tried often enough—then there is nothing left but to fight.

I have never made any secret of my belief that everywhere men are denied that full freedom which alone makes a zestful creative life possible. But with our victory, the possibility of an enlarged freedom remains, and may be regarded as more than a pious hope; whereas after a total Axis victory, men will be free nowhere, not even in the victorious countries, and liberty may perish for centuries. And not only that, but any chance of a sensible civilized co-operating world vanishes too, because this would be the victory of the gangster habit of mind, and nothing can come out of that mind but more violence, treachery, cruelty and universal suspicion and disorder. We are fighting, then, for the future of the whole world. The battle may be wide, but, believe me, the issue is wider still; and in this year of 1942 no man alive can either ignore the one or deny the other.—J. B. Priestley.

Let us, then, sir, address ourselves to our task, not in any way under-rating its tremendous difficulties and perils, but in good heart and sober confidence, resolved that, whatever the cost, whatever the suffering, we shall stand by one another, true and faithful comrades, and do our duty, God helping us, to the end. — Winston Churchill, at Ottawa.

... Here is the moment to display that calm and poise combined with grim determination which not so long ago brought us out of the very jaws of death. Here is another occasion to show—as so often in our long story—that we can meet reverses with dignity and with renewed accessions of strength. We must remember that we are no longer alone. We are in the midst of a great company. Three-quarters of the human race are now moving with us. The whole future of mankind may depend upon our action and upon our conduct. So far we have not failed. We shall not fail now. Let us move forward steadfastly together into the storm and through the storm.—Winston Churchill, Feb. 15.

letter home

by jack yates

Sam Burke was tired of waiting. For over an hour now he had poked around Big Bill's place, looking at the new litter of pigs, the big grey in the small barn, the chop grinder Bill had just bought with the money his son had sent him from England. Fine lad, that boy of Bill's. Not many young fellows nowadays would send part of their army pay home to the old folks. Of course, he was getting a little more than the average, being a lieutenant.

Sam blew away the last shreds of his patience in a gusty sigh. He glanced at his nickle-cased watch, which he had drawn laboriously from the trousers he wore under his overalls. Four-thirty, he thought. No use going home now and starting to chop brush. Almost choring time.

In the distance the gasping of Bill Simon's old Chevrolet suddenly became audible as it growled at the many hills with which it met on the winding four miles of road from the highway.

There had been little snow during the winter. The south side of the hills was bare and the browns of dead grass and last fall's stubble looked dreary and dry. The grey patches of brush on the rolling hills sheltered a little snow, which gleamed white through the brittle trunks and bushes. The sky was pale and clear and of the purest blue. The sun had shone, as it did today, warm and unseasonable, for weeks now. It was perfect weather for clearing land—not too cold, nor too snowy, as is usual in winter, nor yet too hot as it is in summer.

Bill's car shivered its way around the last corner, and jolted over the rough road towards the house.

"Hello, stranger," Sam called boisterously, as the car came to a halt. "Had a good trip? How was Bermuda? This is a swell time of year to go for a holiday. And me without a cussed thing to smoke, too, unless weeds. Wasted half my afternoon waitin' for you to bring my stuff."

"Go to hell, will you?" Bill's voice was quiet, but it had a snap in it.

"That's where I thought you'd been. You had plenty of time to git there an' back. Haw, haw! Got yer there, Simon. Got yer there. Ain't got no comeback, eh? G'wan an' tell me now, the roads is so bad ya couldn't go no faster."

"They're bad all right."

"Sure, now say it's all the government's fault. The government's to blame fer everythin'. I can't even git a smoke fer it, eh? An' it holds up my mail, don't it? An' I can't git my groceries brought out because of it."

"Oh, damn the governments—all of them."

"Say, what's the matter, Bill? Ya seem kinda out of sorts. Anythin' he matter? Ain't like ya to talk that away of the Lib-rals."

"This box has your groceries in it."

"Where's my mail? Any letters from my wife's brother?"

"No."

"Wonder if he's any better? Say, did you hear anythin' from Mac-Lean's about young Ted's story?"

"Yes."

"What'd they say?"

"Oh—they bought it."

"Swell! Say, he'll be on easy street. A writer in the family, eh? Yo oughta be proud of that boy, Simons. Ya oughta be proud. Say, What's eatin' ya? Come on, cheer up. Ya should be dang happy about it. How much did they give 'im fer it?"

"Hundred and fifty."

"A hundred and fifty! Whew! Fer one little story? Holy crapes! Think I'll take up writin' myself. When they goin' ta print it?"

"I don't know. Here's your paper. Don't forget it."

"What'd they say in the letter, Bill? What'd they say?"

"Well, they—they want him to send some more."

"Some more! He'll be famous, Simons. He's young yet. He'll be famous some day. Fer Pete's sake, by that glum pan of yours, ya'd think 'he world had come to an end. Yer about the hardest guy to figger out I ever met up with. Say, where's yer wife? Thought ya took her to town with ya."

"I took her up to Thomas's for the afternoon."

"Say, look here. It's got a big

write-up about Singapore fallin'. Huh, brainy bunch of birds, these English generals. Put a bunch of our boys on a island like Hong Kong an' then not give 'em any support. Let the Japs kill 'em off. Murder. That's what it is, murder. Should be a whale of a hue an' cry raised about killin' off our lads fer nothin'. Careless bunch of —"

"They didn't die for nothing. They're fighting for a good cause. They're fighting for freedom and liberty and—honor. That's what they died for in Hong Kong. They gained time to get Singapore ready to defend."

Had Sam been a more observant person he would have noticed an angry light in his friend's eyes. But Sam was not the type to notice details when an argument was at hand.

"Yah, but Singapore fell. Doesn't do anybody any good to die fer honor. We've gotta win the war. We can't win it by dyin' fer honor. Those boys died for nothin' at —"

"Get out of here. Get off my place. Don't come around here and say things like that. Take your —"

"Jist a minit, Bill. Yer all excited."

"Of course I'm all excited. Now shut up and get off my land."

"Say, what's the trouble, Bill? I didn't mean ta hurt yer feelin's, Bill. You an' I've always been good pals. It ain't Ted, is it? He's still in England, ain't he?"

"No. He—he's in Hong Kong."

"Hong Kong! Holy gee! Sam's loud voice had dropped to a murmur. His face paled under his ruddy tan. "Was—was he taken prisoner?"

"He—he's in Hong Kong."

Sam stared open-mouthed.

"I—my nerves aren't very steady yet," Bill faltered. "God knows how I'll tell the wife. I suppose I might as well get it over."

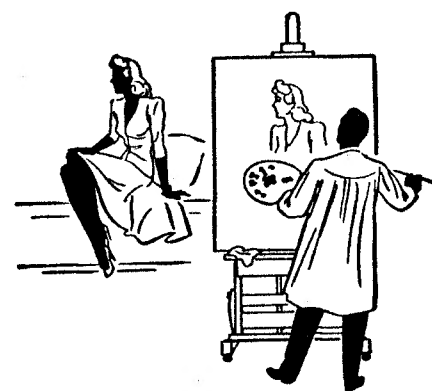
The old Chevrolet shivered its way around a corner in the opposite direction from which it had come. Sam Burke fumbled in his Bennett buggy for his can of tobacco.

First Pedestrian—I wish I had the money that was paid for all those cars going by.

Second Pedestrian—I wish I had the money that is still due on them.

"Are you saving any money since you started your budget system?"

"Sure. By the time we have balanced it up every evening, it's too late to go anywhere."



"Is it like me?"

"It would look more lifelike with a Sweet Cap."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

TRY THIS ONE
FOR SHEER SATISFYING ENJOYMENT

CRISP FLAKES OF TOASTED COCONUT IN RICH MILK CHOCOLATE

Neilson's MACAROON
RICH MILK CHOCOLATE

BUY SOME TODAY..

Vital in Peace Crucial in War

Gas shoulders arms
for **VICTORY**

Behind our Armed Forces the steady flame of Alberta's Natural Gas serves in war-industry plants—in barrack room—hangar—training centre and military hospital—speeding Canada's all-out war effort—shortening the road to victory.

Natural Gas Service

NORTHWESTERN UTILITIES LIMITED

S.O.S. (Student Outline Series), in most subjects \$1.00
Sets of Examination Papers, done up in Faculties 25c
Souvenir Folders of the University, 12 pictures in each folder, set 10c

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Features

here lies o'shea

--by mario prizek

It is a tale told throughout the County of Thule on winter nights when all the stories of banshees and goblins have been related, or at wakes, when the more susceptible guests have collapsed and the supply of Guinness for the few remaining has run low. Then the lamp wick is turned low, the cat purrs as it sits on the glow from the fireplace, and there is a comfortable creaking of chairs as the teller clears his throat to tell of the tombstone purchased by Sean O'Shea.

Sean was a tall scrawny man, with a nose which ran continually and a

red handkerchief to remedy the fault. It was said that he rattled as he walked.

He possessed a few acres of land on which were placed a house and barn. Sean lived in the barn, the house being occupied by Cathy, his cow, and Patrick, his pig.

Except for the rattling, Sean was an extremely silent man. Mild, simple, and religious, he visualized God as a pirate striding through the universe—guns in His hands and holy murder in His eyes.

Church, chores, and a tri-weekly trip across the Liffey to town con-

stituted the sole activities of Sean O'Shea. Like all good Christians, he thought constantly on death, and like all good Irishmen he made ample preparations for its coming.

He possessed a few inherited pounds and pence, which were hidden under the packed earth floor of his hovel, and, as he remained single, his money remained under the floor.

But the years passed by. Three grey cats grew up, had kittens and died; Cathy grew old and blind; one eye; the house and barn marked the passage of time; Patrick grew fat; and Sean began to find it hard to remain erect. His nose wept more than ever. The graveyard became the haven of all his thoughts. Sure and his passing would be a grand affair—a five-day wake; the best keepers in Thule; a black hearse pulled by black horses, necks arched to the cracking point; and the finest tombstone ever seen in Ireland. 'Twould be an enormous marble cross, flanked by effigies of Cathy and Patrick. So up came the money bag from its hole, and three times a week Sean crossed the Liffey to watch the progress of his stone under the hands of Shamous O'Toole. With him, on alternate days, went Pat and Cathy—Cathy went two times a week, for a cow is harder to carve.

The weeks stretched into months, and through the usual secret channels the fame of Sean O'Shea's coming funeral spread far and wide over the county. Sean's social standing rose several points each day—he who had never ventured to glance at the man before, now came over to his place in the pub to offer a "quick one" or a pinch of snuff, and the unusual back-slapping and hand-shaking almost made Sean sociable. He talked a bit more than usual, sipped a trifle faster and puffed and chewed in top time. He had even ventured to tell of his love for Cathy, in public over a tenth glass, but, at the mention of her increasing senility, he burst into tears—right into his beer.

It was this realization, coupled with that of his own approaching demise, that caused a frantic rush. Shamous was implored to finish the work in a week. Two more sittings would suffice for completion of either effigy, so by mutual consent the third and last sitting would be from morning to evening. Early on the coming Friday, both Cathy and Patrick would be taken to town and the monument finished by the end of the day. Sean wept, but this time for joy.

Thursday evening he again dug up his money, removed a few coins, and walked along the bog to the Kelly farm. Colleen Kelly pressed his trousers neatly, and for her services received a shilling and an invitation to the funeral.

It was with extra care that Sean did everything that night before going to bed. In his joy he almost decided to give an extra portion of food to the animals, but the thought that it might cause them sickness persuaded him to abandon the plan.

The red of the rising sun filtered through the window; it fell on the narrow, tousled bed, on the greyish counterpane, which dripped to the floor, on the whitewashed walls, and the wash-basin half-full of water, standing in the far corner of the room. There was a stirring. Sean was awakened. The coverlets heaved and a bony leg, slipping over the edge of the bed, groped about the cold earth for a slipper, which article being found, the leg was followed by its more timid companion. Then came a crackling of many joints, a series of roaring yawns, and Sean was awake. Once clothed, he left the barn and walked to the house.

With gentle nudging, Cathy was aroused—Patrick had been nosing in his trough hours before. The fragrance of hay filled the stall as it was carried into the manger. Back to the house for the warm, mushy chop—fine "chomping" for Patrick. Meals being done, a large lunch was packed—turnip pie, potatoes, bread with caraway, potatoes, eggs, and potatoes (the Guinness, hay and chop could be purchased in town). Then, just as the long shadows began to shorten, the cow, pig and man wended their way to the boat on the river.

Cathy's hooves made pleasant plashy noises in the mud on the bank. A few lazy steps, a thumping on wood, a groan of comfort, and Cathy (plus her cud) was installed in her end of the large boat. Then came Patrick, with Sean following closely.

The boat caught the current and drifted along pleasantly, driving the early mists before it. In half an hour the awakening town came into sight around the bend. Cathy had to be aroused for the disembarkation, and the three once more felt the solid ground under their feet. Up the rising street the trio walked, and soon reached Shamous's workshop. It was a Shamous with sleep-gummed eyes who led the three into his grinding room.

At Sean's pleading, Shamous grumbled his way into clothes, and began work on the partially completed figure of Cathy. Noon saw the cow's image finished. An enraptured Sean marched into the nearest public-house. "Beer for

The March Wind Symphony

By Bess Morrison

The March wind blusters in at my window and brings sounds from all seasons, all places, and all things it has seen in its travels over the world since last March. In these sounds ride the remnants of happiness, sorrow, high hopes, bitter despair and memories almost vanished. The echoes strike some chord deep inside me and turn to music—the March wind's symphony.

From the mass of sounds there breaks a light, quick, joyful strain, in which I discover familiar phrases. I hear the whistle of our little newsboy on Saturday morning as he goes over his route collecting for the week. No one else has a whistle that can brighten you up the way Jamie's does. The patter of rain-

drops on a tiny farmhouse in southern Albera comes to me, and with it the remembrance of what music indeed that was to the man who stood in the doorway gazing across his parched fields. A few notes of "Colonel Bogey" in the wind's theme recall Sunday night concerts in the park where people of all ages gathered to wander about and talk, meet friends, and applaud loudly the thirty red-faced youngsters who so enthusiastically blew their way to a slightly off-key "God Save the King." More notes tumble in, and there comes the merry jingle of sleighbells and laughter carrying through the crispness of a cold winter night. Or is it only the jingle of jacks and pennies in the pocket of my little sister's favorite pinafore as she skips along the pavement on a spring evening? I cannot tell. The tinkling notes die, and a sparkling run in the theme takes me away to the mountains where I hear again the crackling of holiday campfires, the soft sighing of air through the cedars, and the lapping of the Kootenay Lake waters upon the beach. The wash of the water merges into the March wind's symphony, and I discern the whirr of the factory looms as they sing to the workers, and the hiss of the twelve-thirty passenger as it slips like a jeweled snake through the air. Weaving through the music pattern, too, is the ring of the carpenter's hammer on a warm summer day, the cry of "Extra! Extra! Read all about it!" from the crowded city corner, and the hauntingly beautiful memory of church chimes on Christmas Eve. The scraping of boots in a mad polka at a country schoolhouse dance and the quick "whisk" of cards being deftly shuffled press against my eardrums.

Then the wind ebbs, and for awhile no sound memories come in my window, but only the music that comes in remembering impressive silences—the stillness of a sunset, the quietness of falling snow, the noiselessness of a heart breaking.

The symphony flows back, but what has happened? Gone is the happy, trivial strain, and a minor harmony, troubled and sad, takes its place. The March wind brings now the music of the outer world—music of hatred, destruction, and death—faltering in its terrible discord. I hear first the boom of great waves as they crash, foaming, against chalk-white cliffs and retreat to renew their futile attack. The lick of yellow waters as they swing the sampans and houseboats on busy Chinese rivers has an ominous echo, and from the Mediterranean comes a strained, subdued note as of blue waters chilled in an expectancy of waiting. Then follows the muffled roar of marching feet—faint at first, but increasing in volume as the wind skirts back over the months. There are millions of feet stepping in perfect time to the sharp notes of a thousand bugles in a thousand places. The marchers rush before my eyes in a blur of soldier's khaki, airman's blue, and sailor's navy. The accented time breaks, and the melody carries the halting and weary

It is an inspiring, encouraging, defiant sound—the music of a flag in the wind; not the soft fluttering of a flag in a summer breeze, but the angry snapping of a flag fully unfurled and snapping back proudly into the face of stormy winds that mount from all corners of the earth to destroy it.

The symphony of sounds from my own small world and from the turbulent outer world begins to fade, and I lean forward to catch the finale, groping for the music that will bring the answer to all restlessness. But there is only a high, then silence in my room. The March wind has gone.

WHY NOT TO MARRY AN ENGINEER? Or Guess the Reason It's Printed

Verily, I say unto ye, marry not an engineer;
For an engineer is a strange being and possessed of many evils.

Yea, he speaketh always in parables which he calleth formulae.

He wieldeth a big stick which he calleth a slide rule, And he hath only one Bible, a hand book.

He thinketh only of strains and stresses, and without end of thermodynamics.

He showeth always a serious aspect and seemeth not to know how to smile.

He picketh his seat in a car by the springs thereof and not by the dampers.

Neither does he know a waterfall except by its horsepower, nor a sunset except that he must turn on the light, nor a damsel except by her weight.

Always he carrieth his books with him, and he entertaineth his sweetheart with steam tables.

Verily, though his damsel expecteth chocolates when he called, she openeth the package to discover samples of iron ores.

Yea, he holdeth her hand but to measure the friction thereof, and kisseth her only to test the shearing stress of her lips, for in his eyes there shineth a far away look that is neither love nor a longing look—rather a vain attempt to recall formulae.

Even as a boy he pulleth a girl's hair but to test its elasticity;

But as a man he deviseth different devices.

For he counteth the vibrations of her heartstrings And increaseth their tension to strike a note in resonance with his own.

His own heart fluttereth he counteth as a measure of fluctuation,

And enscribeth his passion as a formulae,

And his marriage is a simultaneous equation involving two unknowns

And yielding diverse results.

Verily, I say unto ye, marry not an engineer.

W. D. S.,
Engineer, Class '45.

all!" and he was the "matey" of everyone in the town. The amber liquid continued to flow freely through the lazy hours of the afternoon. Sean was really doing himself fine. It was a slightly fuddled Sean who knocked at Father Connelly's door to request a blessing for his tombstone; an impressed Sean who solemnly wavered while the holy water was sprinkled on the monument; and a most thankful and sober Sean who pressed a pound into the good father's hand. Seven strong men and seven more bottles of Guinness it took to raise the stone into a cart and load it onto the boat.

Farewells were shouted to the happy man as he climbed into his boat for the homeward trip, and the whole town stood in silent awe on the bank as the boat moved heavily out into the Liffey—man, animal and cross silhouetted against the sunset. Then all turned back up the street, while the boat moved slowly on.

Suddenly the evening silence was shattered by a ripping sound. The huge stone sank through the boat. Man, pig and cow were submerged in a swirl of water, and the widening rings on the surface of the Liffey faded into gentle lappings at the river edge.

Upon the day of your graduation!

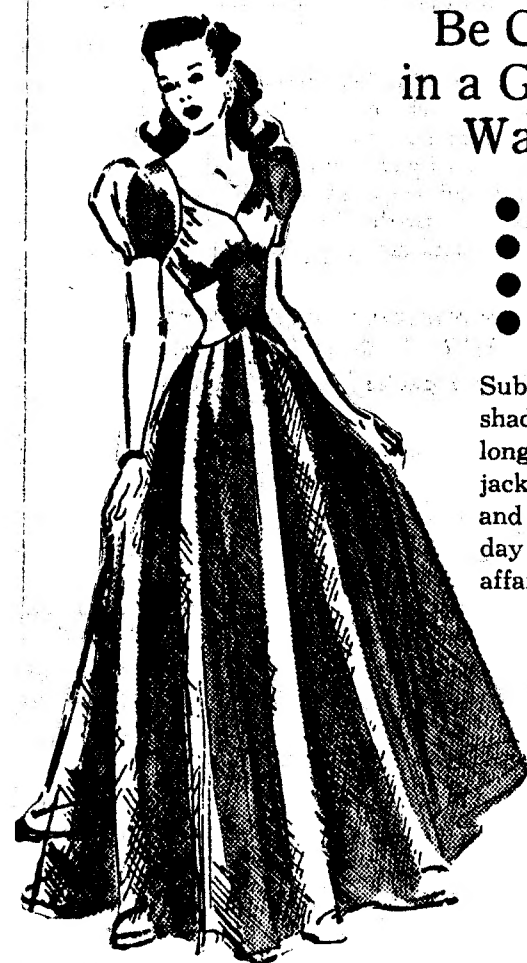
Be Charming
in a Gown from
Walk-Rite

- SHEERS
- CHIFFON
- JERSEY
- NET

Sublime rainbow shades and white in long, short-sleeved and jacket styles. Smart and sweet for your big day and for all grand affairs later on. 12 to 20.

12.95

—a few
little higher



Sport Separates

NEW JACKETS

Tailored to a Captain's taste, our new jackets are shown in longer styles . . . camel hair and wool, polo cloth, herringbone tweeds, plaids, checks and monotonies offer a smart choice.

5.95 up

NEW SKIRTS

Spring skirt colours feature pastel shades which either match your jacket outright or make a beautiful contrast. Wool and Alpine cloth in flared, pleated and gored styles.

2.95 up

Spring Shoes

Bright polished tans, black, beige and blue in calf and crushed kid in the smartest new shoe styles . . . built to stand-up under the walking miles ahead of you this year.

4.98 to 8.75 pr.



Walk-Rite
STYLE SHOPPE LTD.
"The Big Pay Plan Store"
10171-73 101st Street

Graduation Glamour . . .

MEMORABLE FROCKS

For an Unforgettable Occasion!

They're all you've dreamed of, these charmers in shining "graduation white"! Designed to make a heart-stirring picture of you on this great day of your life!

Come to EATON'S and see them at your leisure. Romantic as the last waltz—with full, floating skirts, tiny "hand-span" waists, little sleeves . . . or sleek and smooth and streamlined for a "forward looking" lass!

All lovely, all worthy of those never-to-be-forgotten moments ahead—your graduation, your final formals!

each \$12.95 to \$39.50
—Dresses, Second Floor

T. EATON CO.
WESTERN LIMITED

Fraternities!

Order your
PLEDGE PINS
INITIATION BADGES
and
JEWELLED PINS
from

**HENRY
BIRKS
& SONS**

(Western) Ltd.
Agents for Halifax in Canada

CHAMPIONS

Parcel Delivery

DELIVER
Messages, Parcels
Trunks, etc.

A FAST RELIABLE
SERVICE

PHONES
22246 - 22056

DAIRY POOL PRODUCTS

Milk--Cream
Alberta Maid
Butter
and

Nu Maid Ice Cream
are famous for their
Purity and High Quality

FOR SERVICE, PHONE
28101 - 28102

Northern Alberta
Dairy Pool, Ltd.
The Co-operative Dairy

Co-ed Parade

Co-ed Comments

Connie Ghostley

Well, being as how spring has practically sprung, and Easter is fast approaching, we'd better get a lineup on what's new in the way of Easter duds, etc. Sure, we know there's the little matter of finals to be tackled, but if you're planning on taking Easter Sunday off, you might as well get a good head-start and blow yourself to new Easter bonnet, all beribboned, etc. (Just like the song says). This "hat in flowers" business is really something you can have a field day with—we always have been mad for those little calot businesses, all whipped up in violets and a topknot of filmy veiling—then lots of gals could really look kittenish in a nifty sailor of plaid taffeta atop their pompadoured or baby-bobbed noddles. Plenty of inspiration in the Bay window for a flighty chapeau to clamp on your level (no crack meant) head. They have a super little pillbox in black and white inspired from the bellhop's lid. Then there's a slick little red straw sailor abloom with blue cornflowers, etc.—anyhow, we'll leave it up to you.

One lowly male here advises that for your new chapeau you choose something different and striking but not bizarre (two-bit word there, what?), and then he goes on to proclaim the wonders of the Carmen Miranda type of turban, topped off with a flower garden plus an odd pineapple or two (thrown in for distinction, no doubt?)—just what you might expect a mere man to give out with. Then a would-be authority from the ranks of the air force, in considering the hat question, says that the dilly numbers are revolting to the male population in general; he himself strongly defends the plain, classic felt—whaddya know now?—and after reading all about frivolity in fem's clothes, being the spark-plug defense wouldn't work without . . . not wishing to discourage any would-be recruits for the women's forces, from what we

hear from many of the lads (sub-loolies, etc.), they're mostly all agin the gals joining up; they claim it detracts from their femininity or some such business—now listen to the howls of protest! Getting on with our own little private Easter parade, if you want to be suited for the occasion, your best bet is the tailored gabardine, a patterned or monotone tweed, or a nifty navy numnah in dressmaker style—add a frothy blouse and you'll charm all onlookers.

In our "we saw the other day" department, we noted Peggy Hurlburt looking very "top rank" in a skirt of dusty pink combined with a cloud blue cardigan. Busty Sutherland is collecting compliments while looking veddy elegant in an evening coat of white corded silk with squared shoulders, and emblazoned with a gold frog in front—and surprise! she claims to have made it herself. Barbara Gillman is again one up on us with a very new looking necklace of Indian corn, and it's the real thing, too! Weenie Massey is a bright spot these days in her red corduroy topcoat. . . . At Ohio U. the gals are keeping their dates guessing with detachable knots and bangs; U. of N. Carolina co-eds favor fresh flowers in their braids; the Byrn Mawrters are swiping window curtains for their spring girdles; Sarah Lawrence gals insist on intialled wardrobes—if it's smart, it must be monogrammed, so they tell us; two Yankee Junior colleges have started gooney fads—one favors cornrob pipe puffing to keep warm and to conserve cigarettes, the other has announced lorgnettes (that relic from high sassities) are "the thing". What next?

Back to Easter again, and the male slant on it. Here is an ideal (?) ensemble dreamed up (not by us) for the campus Casanova—it consists of a covert cloth jacket in brown or light gray with twill trousers in a contrasting shade of dark grey or the new gray fawn. No doubt this latter item is inspired by the good-looking uniforms of our Yankee friends whom lately plenty of Varsity gals (?) seem to have been welcoming to our fair city (even if it's just for a half-hour stop). To continue on—our dapper hero will wear suede moassin-toed shoes with leather soles (no more rubber soles, of course, when we can't even have girdles or ties). His hat will be a light colored felt (matching the color of the jacket) with a contrasting band. Other finer points are the shirt of white broadcloth, striped four-in-hand (?) tie in terra cotta, and matching sock-peachy, what? Oh, a little item we forgot—the prerequisite is a good hunk of man to build on, and some loose cash, say about \$100. Guaranteed result: if they don't hiss you when you saunter by, there'll be something radically wrong, maybe an air raid or an earthquake. Also note (by special request) any resemblance to this gent, living or dead, is not only coincidental, it's impossible.

Guess this winds up all the guff we've been giving out with for this term. After witnessing the sentiments of the Engineers regarding our publication the other day, we figger

ON ACTIVE SERVICE



SYLVIA EVANS
A.S.O., C.W.A.A.F.



BETTY FARQUHARSON
Nursing Sister R.C.A.F.

Sals in Service

Isabel Dean

Mere man may still proclaim that woman's place is in the home, but he is rapidly becoming convinced that she fits equally well into positions which not so very long ago frail hands were too timid to tackle. Emmeline Pankhurst's militant vigor has borne fruit far beyond her wildest dreams, in which she visioned the fair sex sharing life's burdens with the heretofore lords of creation with competence and efficiency. Today, due to the pressure of our accelerated war-time industries, women are being given every opportunity to exert themselves.

Here at University we girls are constantly being reminded of this as we witness the numbers of our friends who are already engaged in work which was formerly undertaken by men. Alberta University has already contributed a goodly number of women graduates and students to His Majesty's Armed Forces, in addition to the many war-work positions.

Foremost among these is Assistant Section Officer Lois Boomer, who has just been appointed to Uplands and has taken over the job of messing officer. She is the first woman in Canada to assume these duties. Miss Boomer, whose home is in Vancouver, graduated in Household Economics in 1938. She was working in Toronto at her profession as a dietitian when she decided to join the Royal Canadian Air Force Women's Division. One of the first to take the administration course at Haverall Training centre in Toronto, she was posted to Ottawa as Junior Section Officer under A.S.O. N. Elmslie. The need was seen at Uplands for a messing officer, and in view of Miss Boomer's experience she was appointed to take charge of this interesting branch of the service, combining it with her own work. No doubt she is popular with the airmen, for it is to their mess she gives most of her attention. Because of the extra messing which the sergeants and officers are able to afford, she finds they are not as much in need of personal supervision of their foods. She supervises their diets and arranges balanced menus and varied foods. All in all, it is an interesting life, and an interesting job, and the airmen at Uplands are patting themselves on the back because women have been

probably a lot of them are heaving sighs of relief. Nevertheless, it's been a lot of fun, for us anyhow—like you, we'll be going into hibernation for the next few weeks. A lot of us are would-be graduates, and we're sure getting the pips about now, but just let's be sure and make it or we'll be wanting to beat ourselves about the head at a later date. So, lots of luck to you all (and I do mean you), and so-long.

House Ec. Entertains

The girls of the House Ec. department were entertained Wednesday afternoon at a fashion talk and movie arranged by Miss Duxbury from Toronto. Miss Duxbury is a representative of the Butterick Pattern Company. The colored movie pictured the very latest in college togs, featuring all types of outfits for the fashion-minded college girl. Clothes ranged from specially designed overalls for the industrious co-ed who delves into the mysteries of motor mechanics to the flimsiest of evening gowns to grace the supple form of the girl who wishes to appear alluring on cool summer evenings. A demonstration of the deft designing of a striped afternoon frock was shown, illustrating the cutting of the materials, the sewing of the dress and the finishing touches which are so important in lending that "unique" effect. The tip was given out that a tall, slender girl would be the type to wear this horizontally striped dress.

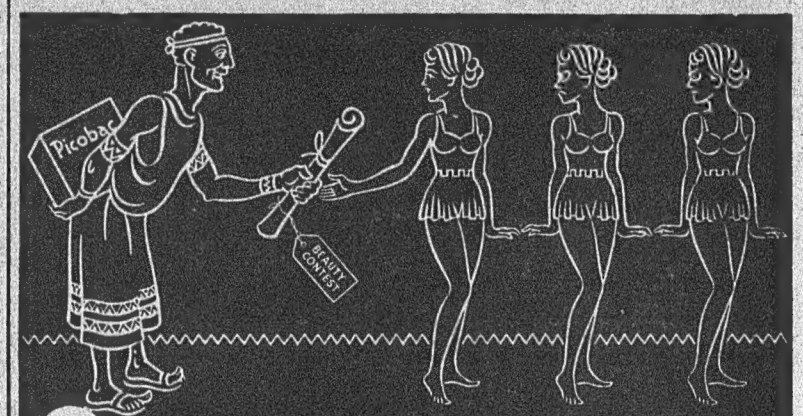
A modelling parade, staged by members of the first year House Ec. class, followed the movie. Those taking part were Betty Johnston, Joan Butterfield, Isabel McGregor,

Eccer and formerly employed with the Northwestern Utilities in Edmonton, is at present acting as a supervisor in a large manufacturing concern down east, where her knowledge of chemistry is particularly useful. There are just coddles of other grads and ex-students whom we wish we had space to mention, who are carrying on so that Canada's men may be able to accomplish the jobs in which their services are most needed. We at present enrolled at Varsity realize the important contribution being made by all these girls to Canada's war effort, and we commend them for the worthy example they have set before us.

Jane Sinclair, Kathleen Anderson and Veletta Alexander. Among the styles modelled by the co-eds was a spring suit in green, durnl-waisted, and featuring a newly designed jacket reaching just to the top of the hip. This suit was modelled first with a green and white striped blouse, and secondly, with a specially fitted white dickie. One model displayed a red printed cotton evening gown for summer

wear. Another wore a smart sports jacket in red, having box pleats effectively sewn in at the back. A navy blue skirtwaist blouse was shown with deep green service overalls for factory or workshop wear. It was also featured with a durnl skirt of red and white print.

The House Ec.ers made charming models for these and others of the latest in spring and summer college clothes.



Aphrodite, knowing men, bribed Paris with a pack
Of that most precious herb now sold as Picobac

● To win the world's first beauty contest, Aphrodite exercised charm. And by charms (though of a different nature) Picobac has won the Canadian popularity contest open to all pipe tobaccos. The winning charms of the pick of Canada's Burley crop are that it is always a mild, cool, sweet smoke and amazingly low in price.

HANDY SEAL-TIGHT POUCH - 15c
1/4-LB. "LOK-TOF" TIN - 65c
also packed in Pocket Tins

Picobac

"It DOES taste good in a pipe!"

Easter Rail Fares

for

STUDENTS and TEACHERS

One-Way Fare and One Quarter
for Round Trip

between all stations in Canada. Good
in all classes of accommodation.
Minimum Fare, 25c

GOOD GOING

MARCH 20 TO APRIL 7

Return Limit: Leave destination April 21
Except if no train service April 21,
tickets honored first available train

Certificate may be obtained from
Registrar and should be presented
to Ticket Agent.

CANADIAN PASSENGER
ASSOCIATION

THE PURPLE LANTERN

CHINESE
CUISINE IN AN
ORIENTAL ATMOSPHERE

BANQUET
ACCOMMODATION

Edmonton's Ice Cream Fashion Leader—
a favorite everywhere

Woodlands

Strawberry
Sundae Brick

"THE SMOOTH DELICIOUS KIND"—AT YOUR DEALERS

Woodland Dairy Limited

BETTER DAIRY PRODUCTS
MILK • CREAM • ICE CREAM • BUTTER • CHEESE

New Campus Co-ed Club Organized

Of special interest to many girls on the campus is the movement to organize non-fraternity girls into a club which aims to facilitate their sports and social activities as a group.

Throughout the past year many have felt the need for some definite organization that would enable the co-eds to replace with an active binding interest the friendly atmosphere partially disrupted by the loss of Pembina. Such a club would endeavor to bring the girls together as a co-operative social body, active in all campus activities. It would serve to make more close the bonds of friendship between different girls throughout the entire year. Besides organizing a more pleasant social life for the girls, such a club would also enable closer co-operation in sports and other activities. Those who organized the Rose Bowl winners, Overtown girls team, for inter-faculty sports fully realize the difficulties that stand in the way of future success unless more effective organization is made possible.

The movement has the support and approval of the President and Provost. Arrangements are being carried forward for a general meeting of the girls to be held next week. Full outline of the plans and aims of the club will be given. It is hoped that the girls will bring forth any new ideas they may have in order that arrangements and organization may be completed within a short time.

All girls interested will please watch the bulletin boards for further notice as to the exact date of the meeting.

EASTER FASHION PARADE



For Easter you'll want a tailored Donegal Tweed jacket. This new longer jacket is also shown in solid Mexican Red and Champagne Beige. **\$16.75 and \$19.75**
12 to 18

JUST ARRIVED

A new shipment of Supersilk Hosiery. The sheer loveliness of this hosiery will complete your Easter ensemble.

4-thread chiffon	\$1.00
3-thread chiffon	\$1.25
Creme Hose	\$1.35

Afternoon Dresses

They're in the mood, these exciting new Spring fashions . . . they're truly feminine. Cool, washable print dresses are popular, as well as the classic pastel Spring crepes.

Two-tone Frocks are prominent, and beige and red are the colors at the head of the fashion list. Sizes 12 to 20.

\$7.95

to
\$16.95

Evening Dresses

A sheer delight in the Spring are the Chiffon Evening Dresses, with flowing bishop sleeves and shirred waistlines. These are shown in blues, pinks and, of course, white.

Very new are the Silk Jersey Dinner Frocks, shown in bold Mexican prints, whites, blues and gold. Sizes 12 to 20.

\$14.95

Beta Nu Campus Togs

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek

by John McVea

Editorial Note.—The following article was specially written for *The Gateway*. It endeavors to present recent Chinese history as a background to the career of one of the outstanding female personalities of the modern world. It points the moral that leadership, and vigorous leadership in time of war, is the essential need for democratic and fascist states alike; and furthermore notes the influence of fundamental principles of humanity in providing the framework for positive effort.

The story of Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek is the story, in large measure, of modern China, and its struggle for unification and freedom from foreign oppression. These last two decades of her life, particularly, have been very closely bound up with the national and international policies of her country. Today, she typifies, as does no other woman in the modern world, but rather in the manner of the heroines of history, the struggle of her people for the right to live in a way that will assure them individual freedom and security, and the perpetuation of age-old cultural concepts. With her husband, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, and the support of her almost equally famous sisters, she has done tremendously important and effective work towards regeneration and humanitarianism in that vast, sprawling on the far side of the world, multitudinous in its life, age-old before our west was born—known to us simply as China.

Some Recent History
It can easily be imagined that the transformation that has taken place in very recent times in China, attempting as it has done to pack into some forty years, what has taken more fortunate countries centuries to attain, could not be effected without great suffering and confusion.

We Sincerely Believe
Staber's PROT-N-IZED
CREAM PERMANENT
To be as Fine a Wave as Money Can Buy

Rich, creamy tonic oils steamed directly into the hair. Positively permanents all types and textures of hair. Makes hair easy to set. Now offered at:

TWO LOW PRICES
\$2.00 & \$2.95

Complete—No Extras

WHY PAY MORE?

MORNING SPECIAL

Hollywood Luxury Oil Shampoo and Personality Finger Wave **50c**
Oil Manicure, 25c Extra

Staber's
FOR BEAUTY

No Appointment Necessary
10047 101A Ave.

MILK

Our first line of
DEFENCE

Proper and Adequate
NUTRITION
is as vital to our
WAR EFFORT

as planes and tanks, shells and bombs

It is amazing and deplorable the large proportion of young men rejected as physically unfit for military service due to malnutrition as a result of not having had the body building benefits of sufficient milk in their diet.



Edmonton City Dairy,
LIMITED

Established 35 Years Ago

Plant on 109th St. Phone 25151

Visitors Welcome

Inspection Invited

Not only was the culture that had been so integral a part of China for thousands of years unfitted to be an instrument of progress and reform, but the greed and cruelty of foreign aggressors, combined with the backward development of the country's industries and communications, to render her a particularly vulnerable and moreover an especially valuable prize to exploit.

A very brief sketch of Chinese history since the turn of the century might serve to put into proper focus the career of Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek.

The Ancient Empire

The Manchus, a foreign dynasty, had been ruling on the Dragon Throne at the Imperial City of Peking for some hundreds of years, having succeeded the more classic Ming. Their absolute rule was, in point of fact, reduced to the practical power wielded by court officials and favorites. The court, however, had become very corrupt, encased in the rigid ceremonialism of centuries, and very inefficient. China remained static, while her neighbor Japan was hurriedly acquiring the Occident's industrial culture and vices, and her northern neighbor, Russia, was rapidly ripening for revolution, under the equally despotic Czarist rule.

Europe Exploits China

But with the impregnation of the European powers and their extortion of special rights and privileges; with the spread of missionary labors in China; with the national awareness of China's impotence, there came a renaissance of feeling, fostered by those younger Chinese who had set forth to study Western culture and methods; and a whisper, sudden and subtle, ran through the country like the first, unexpected appearance of the grass in our Canadian spring; overnight a mad orgy of violence against the hated foreigner swept the country. That was the Boxer Risings of 1900, which only a short time later were to culminate in the movement which, in 1911 forced the abdication of the hated Manchus and the Proclamation of a Chinese Republic, under the presidency of the renowned Dr. Sun Yat-Sen—and the chaos of 20 years of civil strife.

The Era of War-Lords

The first "resident was the husband of Chinling Soong, sister of Meiying Soong, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek. He had engaged in revolutionary activities for years, often in imminent danger of his life—but became probably the most important political figure of republican China, and one of the most advanced thinkers.

He resigned in favor of the commander of the more modern army of North China, Yuan Shih Kai, a former imperial official, and an outstanding administrator. But the new head did not live up to the trust reposed in him and began gradually to assume absolute power. And Dr. Sun, from retirement, set about organizing in far away Canton a National People's Party—the Kuomintang—which would resume the interrupted effort towards the revolution and would work for the principles of nationalism, democracy and social economy.

In 1913, Yuan won a military victory over the Kuomintang, the first conflict in the struggle between reactionary military leaders of North China and the new revolutionary party, which was to end 15 years later with the occupation of Peking by the latter's armies, and the transfer of the national capital to Nanking.

Yuan was supported by the foreign powers, who saw in him at that time the only stable government. On his death in 1916, however, another war-lord, Tuan Chi-jui set up (significantly) a Japanese supported government. Japan had been ceaselessly intriguing in China, even in imperial times, and had coveted eyes fixed steadily on her neighbor. China entered the Great War on the side of Britain and America, but the cynical indifference displayed by the Allies to China's claims in the Versailles settlement, and the awarding of special privileges to Japan, in China, swept the government away in a burst of popular fury.

Years of disorder and civil strife followed, with a succession of war lords wielding temporary power while China gradually disintegrated!

The Kuomintang and Communism

Meanwhile, in the South, Dr. Sun and the Kuomintang were organizing the national aspirations for unity. This is when the influence of Russia in modern China begins to function. For the new organization of the Kuomintang was based on Communist party lines; though Dr. Sun never committed himself definitely as to belief in Communism. Russia saw her chance to Sovietize all China; and for a long time this looked very likely, as the Nationalists recognized Russia and not the Western powers as the true friend of China.

The Kuomintang, whose great leader had recently died, decided it was time to clean up the reactionary Northern government, and an expedition was organized under General Chiang Kai-Shek, who had been for years one of the foremost disciples of Dr. Sun. At this time Chiang took the extreme course of disassociating himself from the Communists, purging them from the party. The Chinese Communists withdrew to central China, and until the present Sino-Japanese conflict carried on regular guerrilla warfare with the Central Nanking Government. Communism is probably one of the strongest forces in modern Chinese political life, among illiterates and intellectuals alike.

Thus, by 1931 China had achieved a measure of national unity, and a beginning was made in reorganizing the everyday life of the country, and in educating the people towards the concept of self-government. Then Japan struck in Manchuria!

Against this background, we will outline the early career of the first Lady of China.

The Family of Mme. Chiang

The man who was to become the father of three of China's leading women, and of three son-seemingly illustrious, if not so well-known, began life as an assistant in his uncle's shop in Boston, whither he had been sent as a very small boy by his family. These were a business family, in Hainan province, who, along with other South China merchants, had interests in America, where the multitude of little shops and businesses owned by Chinese had assumed the appearance of a department store chain, representing the invested outfit of controlling families in the Orient.

But Soong Yao-jui did not take kindly to the idea, and in three years he stowed away on a small ship, whose captain sympathized with his desire for a real American education. He put him into the hands of Methodist clerical friends in North Carolina, and in course of time the young Soong was baptized and educated in a theological college. In 1886 he returned to China, becoming a Methodist preacher in Shanghai. Here he married Kwei Tseng, whose immediate antecedents were among the first Christians in China. She was very devout, a woman who believed in self-reliance, and rather Spartan discipline, and who agreed with her husband that their children must have a progressive Western education.

Charles Soong, as he was known in western circles, renounced his strictly clerical duties, becoming a leading industrialist in Shanghai, where he did much to improve working conditions. In time the shocked Chinese came to respect the Soongs for their honesty and directness, which were not part of normal Chinese etiquette.

All this time Soong was a supporter of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, the revolutionary, and secretly printed propaganda for him.

This was the sort of parental background that the three little Soong girls were to have. At very early ages they were sent to the McTear school in the city—one of the best of the foreign schools. The children went in succession, first Eling, then Chinling and finally little Mayling, whose name means (roughly) "Beautiful life." She tells us that she was a fat little thing at this time, who made tea for Chinling's friends after "prep" in the evening, and who was generally in the way when the older girls wanted to play.

Mme. Chiang's Education

Meanwhile, Eling had been sent to the Wesleyan College for Women at Macon, Georgia, and her sisters followed her very young, so was given special tutoring. She learned quickly and well; and entered fully into the life and thought of her classmates. So fully indeed, that a little anecdote has been preserved to this effect: a tutor at a northern summer school asked her to describe Sherman's march through Georgia (referring to the Civil War), and Mayling replied, "Pardon me, I am a Southerner, and that subject is very painful to me. May I omit it?"

While at Wellesley, Mayling studied English literature and philosophy, French and music, swam and

played tennis; was popular and well-liked; was described as "a graceful, charming young woman with easy manners."

Her Return to China

After 10 years in the States, Mayling returned in 1917, and immediately threw herself into public and social service work and pioneered in introducing Western habits of dress among the girls of her stamp in Shanghai.

She joined the Y.W.C.A., and was offered a post on the Child Labor Commission by the Shanghai Municipal Council—an unheard of thing. At this time also she took a deep interest in matters relating to education, particularly in the efforts that were being made to train teachers for work among the peasants.

Her eldest sister had married Dr. Kung, a university graduate, who organized a school to provide educated men for administrative work in far off Shansi.

Her second sister, Chinling, was now Mme. Sun, and her brother, T. V. Soong, was a major official in the new Nationalist Government, later to become the very outstanding General Manager of the Central Bank.

Mayling Marries China's Strong Man

Chiang Kai-Shek saw Mayling for the first time in Dr. Sun's house. Unfortunately his suit was complicated by his recent divorce and several affairs of the heart, which possibly gossip had magnified. Mrs. Soong refused to see him or give her consent; her husband had recently died. So Chiang waited 10 long years before her permission was granted. It was qualified by his undertaking to study Christianity—a study which ultimately brought about his conversion. The marriage took place in December, 1927, and within a week Chiang, now being hailed as the Strong Man of China, was again campaigning in the North; from then on his wife shared his labors. They settled first in Nanking, then a dull and squalid place—where Mayling organized educational classes and also provided a society for young army officers—the Officers' Moral Endeavor Association—which was of immense value in upholding their morale in pleasureless Nanking.

The hardships which she now began to endure, and which have persisted, are indicative of the war she is continually fighting against sloth, dirt, ignorance and the classic Chinese habit of laissez-faire.

The Inroads of Japan

Now begins the period which has seen the Chiangs unintermittently in the public eye—and resulted in the concentration of China's energies under them against Japan.

In 1931 a relatively unimportant incident at Mukden allowed the Japanese to invade Manchuria proper, and very quickly they controlled this outlying part of China's empire. This was followed by the unexpected bombardment of Shanghai in 1932, when they concluded a military occupation of a section of the city, realizing that China was not yet sufficiently strong to afford a jumping-off place for the resumption of hostilities in 1937. The following year they occupied the North China province of Jehol, and thenceforward engaged in a systematic economic and military penetration of North China.

The government of Chiang Kai-Shek at Nanking became the storm centre of the national fury against Japan, and its leader the object of universal opprobrium in his refusal to fight Japan wholeheartedly. Chiang realized that China was not yet sufficiently strong to withstand her powerful neighbor, and preferred a policy of "appeasement" and dependence on the League of Nations while he prepared for the ultimate effort.

The Chiangs Set out to Regenerate China

During this period two very significant events occurred. The first was the formation of the New Life Movement by the Chiangs. This is similar to the West's Oxford Movement, which stressed on moral principles and the good life. But it went much further in that it tried to set before the masses the idea of national consciousness and unity through a regenerative movement which would start with the things of everyday life.

The details—modesty and economy in dress, cleanliness, improvement in table manners, moderation in cigarette smoking—leading to increased self-respect, hygiene and civic pride were the outward demonstration of the four virtues—Propriety, Justice, Integrity and Conscientiousness.

It was not supposed to be an immediate panacea for China's economic ills (as the Communists noted), but it prepared the way in the philosophy of Reconstruction; and what is more, lent itself to the utilization of American publicity methods in the rapid dissemination of the new ideas.

The second important work was the visit of the Chiangs to remote North-West of China, the area richest in the remains of ancient Chinese civilization. It was also among the most backward parts of the country, and had suffered much from the prevailing civil wars and banditry. The couple were officially visiting Hankow, and made a quite sudden decision to see provincial affairs for themselves. They flew, in a little over a month, to all the important places in the North West, meeting leading citizens and officials, particularly the foreign missionaries, and advocating New Life doctrines. Mme. Chiang daily spoke to meetings, and organized committees among the women of leading Chinese families to attack the moral and social problems in their areas; while the General realized the necessity for the economic development of the country such as he had never heretofore understood it. It was new thing, too, in China: in the nature of the recent Royal Visit to Canada—and many of the local "bigwigs" were given a chance to talk matters over with the men in the central power. Chiang went further; talking to the

ordinary people, asking them their views of conditions. The trip did more to build up personal loyalty and understanding with the rulers of the new China than all the civil wars had done. Now all China began to think of itself as under one leader.

The Kidnapping of the Generalissimo

At this time occurred the most important incident in the lives of the Generalissimo and his wife—an incident when China's forward progress hung by a thread, as it were. Chiang, on a visit to Sian, was kidnapped by the young Marshal Chang in league with Communist leaders, and for a time his life was in imminent danger. Queerly enough, the reason for the outrage was dissatisfaction with the government's temporizing attitude toward Japan. Chiang was furious, and would listen to no compromise. The government at Nanking were hopelessly divided as to the procedure to be followed. Only the dogged persistence of Mme. Chiang and the support of her intimate official friends prevented rash action. After some time of anxious negotiation, Mme. Chiang herself flew to the mutineer's stronghold, and was largely instrumental in effecting her husband's release.

The immediate effect was a stiffening in the government's attitude toward Japan, which united Chinese of every political faith in resisting the oncoming aggression. The release of the General was the signal for a nation-wide rejoicing; he and his wife had become the intimate heroes of the people!

The Sino-Japanese Conflict Begins in Earnest

Mme. Chiang at the time was secretary-general of the Aeronautical Commission, which post she continued to hold well into the present war. The latter was precipitated by the Marco Polo bridge incident near Peking, and within a short time major actions were being fought. Not only North China, but the more southerly Shanghai were attacked, and the world first learned of the new heroic spirit of the Chinese army from their gallant defence of that city.

The Soong sisters took a leading part in providing hospitalization and relief, and Mayling was ceaselessly engaged in organization and inspection work.

Now the New Life Movement came into its own. It provided a basis for the organization of civilian work behind the armies. Its followers travelled around the country lecturing on the war and giving practical suggestions for improving the lot of the common people—particularly in the setting up of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. These provided small mobile groups of workers to continue the primary industrial production of the country and assisted in absorbing large numbers of bombed-out refugees.

All Chinese activity and direction in the war effort gradually receded to the interior, as the coast cities—Shanghai, Canton and Hankow inland—were occupied by the enemy. Midst all the horrors of bombing, burning, floods and widespread disease and starvation, the wife of the Generalissimo never faltered in her work to alleviate suffering and organize for total war.

Mme. Chiang, the Cassandra of the Democracies

She became China's leading publicist. She pointed out, prophetically, that while China was not yet a true democracy, she was the first outpost of democracy to be attacked by the fascist powers menacing all democratic life in the world. She deplored the blindness of America and Britain, who in allowing Japan to import from them the munitions of war, were actually increasing their own danger. True, in a while, both countries gave financial assistance to the government and contributed millions to war relief—but nothing was done to root out the evil at its source. Little heed was given her impassioned protests by the governments of powers who had earlier guaranteed China's territorial integrity. Millions of sympathetic people all over the world heard, however, and were ashamed. With the outbreak of the European

COPS HAVE A HEART!

There's one U. of A. student who's blessing all Irish policemen with all his grateful heart. Here's the story: The time was 9:30. In Ottawa a lonesome girl waited patiently; in Szechwan, beyond the gorges of the Yangtze. And all the time Japanese bombers roar to it and other relatively defenseless Chinese cities, seeking to blast the morale of the Chinese people—while China's fighting men doggedly resist, and guerrillas harass and cut off the spearheads of enemy penetration. And all the time China's working coolies are steadily producing those inadequate supplies for the fight, supplemented by the thin trickle long the Burma road.

At last we hear the democracies are taking an effective stand in the Far East. Not only have Churchill and Roosevelt, and Stalin, too, asserted that China is of us and is being helped—despised and neglected China is pouring veteran troops, from her inexhaustible manpower, into the defense of India and pounding the Japanese on the home front.

In the debris-littered streets of Chungking, with smoke and dirt and death around, Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek picks her way dexterously to superintend in person the work of relief and rehabilitation. It is too early to predict the probable future of China, but we realize we are witnessing a national revival, whose scale will grow immeasurably, and in that magnificent resistance, who will say that we do not perceive a material and spiritual guarantee for our own cause?

With blessings on his lips, the stude plugged in the nickel.

And now tonight at 10 o'clock the girl's happy, the boy's happy, the policeman's happy, everyone's happy. Said our hero, "Bless all Irish cops."

"Professors to get air raid training. They will then teach zone and sector wardens." These are the dozen cops that taught the 400 professors that trained the 677 zone wardens that instructed the 5,794 sector wardens that educated the 232,527 post wardens that came out to defend the 2,000,000 houses and apartments that New York built.—New York Times.

Good speech: An address with a good beginning and a good ending kept very close together.

"You taste the quality of the real thing"

Ice-cold "Coca-Cola" is refreshing... refreshing as only "Coca-Cola" can be. In its frosty bottle dwells the quality of genuine goodness. And taste... a taste delicious, exciting. Thirst asks nothing more.

Pause... Go refreshed

Coca-Cola

You trust its quality

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
EDMONTON

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1870

At the Bay and Nowhere else!

Stylecrest
SHOES
for MEN

The newest styles in shoes for this season! They'll stand lots of wear... are good-looking, smart and really comfortable. Check these features:

- Kid and calf leathers.
- Single or heavy soles.
- Rich shades in tan, brown and black.
- Round or pointed toes.



6.00
PAIR

Shoes, Second Floor

GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Wilson Trophy Is Awarded Willox, U. A. Champion

The Wilson Trophy, Alberta's highest honor to an athlete, has been awarded this year to Les Willox. It is a deserving honor to a man who has ranked on top in his years at the University. For the past five years Les has held the Intercollegiate Boxing championship in the heavy-weight division. Never once has his crown been threatened. When challengers could be found, he has usually beaten them by easy knock-outs. He repeated at the recent Assault-at-Arms last month, in a quick victory over Bob Robertson from Saskatchewan.

For the past two seasons he played in the line for Bob Fritz's Golden Bears, and was without doubt the steadiest and strongest player in the line. His is a name well deserving to be engraved on the trophy.

STUBBS WINS TROPHIES OF BOXING SUPREMACY

Ossie Stubbs won both the Beaumont and Wynychuk trophies, emblems of boxing supremacy on the campus. It was fitting that these awards should be given to Stubbs, as his accomplishments in this field have been outstanding.

Stubbs has been boxing four years. His first year here was taken up with interfac. hockey, but since he has paid greater attention to boxing. He has been on the Intercollegiate team '39-'40 and '41-'42. Won his interfac. bout '39-'40 and this year was President of Boxing. In all, an outstanding record.

SPORTING GOODS
Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Musical Instruments
All Moderately Priced
UNCLE BEN'S EXCHANGE
Located near Rialto Theatre
Established 1912 Phone 22067

IT PAYS TO PLAY

SPALDING

The Choice of Champions



Alberta Distributors

Marshall-Wells
Alberta Co., Ltd.
Edmonton Alberta

You will appreciate the pleasant atmosphere and finer service at
The Corona Hotel Dining Room
For Reservations Phone 27106

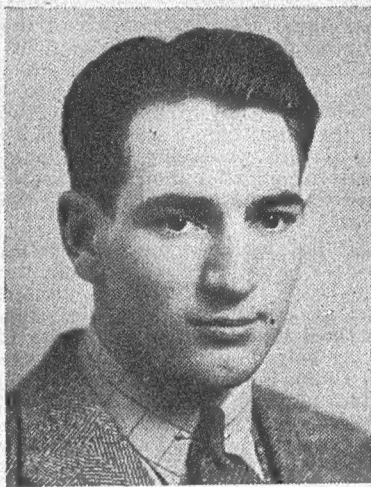
While waiting for the Bus or Street Car, how about a cup of Good Coffee

The Rite Spot

A Right Place For the Best Eats

CORNER OF 109th and 88th

SECRETARY



BOB SCHRADER

Here is the secretary of Men's Athletics for 1941-42. Bob Schrader brings as qualifications for the job a fine record in athletics, both before and during his attendance at U. of A. For several years prior to 1939 he played hockey for teams in Olds and district. At the University he played interfaculty hockey in 1939, and then starred with Stan Moher's Senior team in '40-'41. This year he played and coached the Ag-Com-Law team in the Interfaculty League.

In addition to hockey, Bob was a standout performer on the gridiron last fall for Bob Fritz's Golden Bears. He is the kind of a man to get things done, and will work well with Bob Freeze to give the University a great year of sport for '42-'43.

TROPHY WINNER



JACK QUIGLEY

Jack Quigley, former Toronto University and Calgary Stampeder star, is the winner of the Dr. J. S. Shoemaker most valuable player award. The popular coach and defense man of the Arts team was chosen from a list of eight nominees. It is a tribute to the esteem in which he is held by the hockey minded gentry on the campus, that he should be selected for the honor from a group that included such players as Bruce Mackay and Paul Drouin of M-P-D, George Stuart and Bob Schrader of A-C-L, Bud Chesney and Ed Crowder of Engineers, and Vic Kuzyk of Arts.

The award was not based on ability alone. Other factors considered were sportsmanship, clean play, inspirational leadership and, as Dr. Shoemaker put it in presenting the trophy, "subjugation of self in the interests of the team." In all these qualities Quigley ranked high, and his selection was a popular one throughout the league.

Dr. Shoemaker insisted that the cup be the outright property of the winner. The Quigley trophy room, in its Calgary home, will have to accommodate another piece of silverware.

Interfac. Hockey League Finishes With Banquet

Players and officials of the league as well as representatives of the University, wound up the activities of the Interfaculty Hockey League with a dinner, held at St. Joe's on the evening of March 10.

Over fifty were present, including, at the head table: Dr. McEachern, Dr. J. S. Shoemaker, Col. P. S. Warren, Mr. Bob Fritz, Athletic Director; Demetrie Elefthery, president of Men's Athletics; George Stuart, president of Hockey; and Stan Moher, Supervisor of the League. Players and managers were seated at the other tables.

Demetrie Elefthery acted as M.C. at the gathering. Col Warren proposed the toast to the King. The principal speaker of the evening was Dr. McEachern. He recalled the early days of hockey at the University, and told of Alberta's first trip to Saskatoon. The speaker also expressed the hope that hockey would be kept alive on the campus, and stated in his opinion, University teams should visit the smaller centres in the province much oftener than they now do.

During the course of the evening a number of awards were made to deserving athletes. Dr. Shoemaker presented his most valuable player award. This honor was won by Coach Jack Quigley of the Arts team, and was a fitting tribute to Quigley's fine play and qualities of leadership.

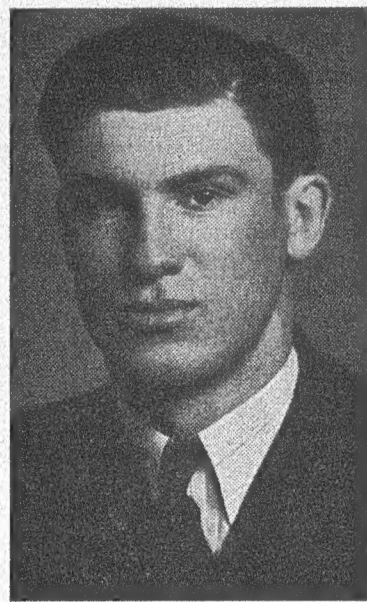
Mr. Bob Fritz called on Bruce Mackay to step forward and receive the Henry Singer scoring award—a fine Stetson. Then Coach Stan Moher announced the results of recent balloting for all-star teams.

First team: Goal, Jack Setters (Eng.); defense, Bruce Mackay (M-P-D), Jack Quigley (Arts); centre, Bud Chesney (Eng.); left wing, Vic Kuzyk (Arts); right wing, Bob Schrader (A-C-L).

Second team: Goal, Joe Hewko (M-P-D); defense, John Colter (Arts), Lucien Lambert (Eng.); centre, Paul Drouin (M-P-D); left wing, George Stuart (A-C-L); right wing, Bud Butler (M-P-D).

Members of the winning team each received gift ties through the courtesy of the Hudson's Bay Co.

PRESIDENT



BOB FREEZE

Bob Freeze has been an outstanding figure on the campus for a number of years. His appointment as President of Men's Athletics met with general approval. Bob has behind him a long, impressive list of sport achievements. He played two years' rugby with Calgary Bronks and two years Junior. Here he has played for three consecutive years.

Besides rugby, Bob has been a great skier, and was Manager of Skiing at the Outdoor Club for '40-'41-'42. Last year Bob was Wilson Trophy winner for being the outstanding athlete on the campus. He was also President of Big Block A Club. We are sure he will turn in a grand job this year in dealing with sports in general.

NOTICE

Bob Fritz asks that all clubs elect their sports manager as soon as possible and forward their names to him. Further, all presidents of sports clubs for the year 1942-43 are requested to get in touch with him also.

He would appreciate a statement of last year's activities with a view to suggestions as to next year. And last, he again urges all those still possessing sport equipment to turn it in at once.

Watch the notice board for any further announcements.

From The Sideline

By Bill Hewson

With this, the last issue of the year, and the last appearance of this column, it appears as good a time as any to reflect over the year's activities. There are a few words of sincere praise that must be said. In the two years that he has been here, Bob Fritz has left a tremendous impression on the boys that have played for him. As a mentor and coach he is without parallel. That his teams did not win in the Intercollegiate playdowns is no fault of Fritz's. What is needed for a winner is a few more fellows who will do more than just "do or die for dear old U. of A." on the hockey fields. Men are needed that will drive and drill themselves to perfection in their game. It is around this type of fellow that all winning teams are built, and we have a few such men on this campus. But perhaps that's not the kind of sport we want around here, anyway.

Hockey has had a very successful season. Never before have so many students had the privilege of playing in a well organized league. All this is entirely due to the efforts of Stan Moher. The league was his brain child, and he has organized, supervised, managed and coached it, and made it the howling success that it is. The schedule was run off without a hitch. A first-class brand of hockey was dished up, and competition was always keen, as the teams were fairly evenly matched. Stan has been and is one of the truest friends athletics at U. of A. have ever had, and don't anyone ever forget it.

The coaching of teams at this University is tops, and we would like to see more fellows taking advantage of these opportunities. You are here to learn, yes; but besides education for vocation, there is also education for living, and in this latter, competitive sport and games play an important part.

A good deal of credit must go to President of Men's Athletics Demetrie Elefthery. He has done a big job well, and has lent his support and closest co-operation to all branches of athletics this year. In addition, he has been a standout performer on our Senior basketball team.

We are glad to welcome Bob Freeze and Bob Schrader to the executive positions of the Men's Athletic Board. Both of these men are well known on the campus, and it is certain that better men could not have been named for the job. Other things being equal, Freeze and Schrader, with their associates, will make this campus sport conscious, and see that teams are accorded some measure of support. Strides have been made in that direction this year, and the efforts of Mr. Fritz and Demetrie Elefthery are largely responsible.

Women's athletics have shown a distinct improvement over last year with intramural competition staged in basketball, archery, badminton, volleyball and swimming. Executives of the various clubs have asked for greater turn outs, however, and it is to be hoped that next year will see some improvement.

All athletics could have received a great deal more support from the student body. Generally, very little interest was shown. More publicity is required.

And lastly, this writer wishes to thank a loyal staff, Marshall Morie, Mike Bevan, Marg Robertson and others, for their efforts and contributions throughout the year. For the write-ups concerning hockey we are indebted to Stan Moher, who has handled those so capably.

Three Major Athletic Awards Presented as List of Winners In Women's Athletics Released

Thirty Co-eds Receive Honors

LIND, DANNER, WILLOX GET MAJORS

Seven Minor Awards Are Made

By Margaret Robertson

Color Night on Friday, March 20, will see the presentation of the Women's Awards given in recognition of outstanding athletic ability combined with sportsmanship. Three major athletic awards will be made—to Kay Lind, to Doris Danner, and to Chris Willox.

Kay Lind receives her major award in her Sophomore year, which in itself is a considerable accomplishment. Kay has been particularly outstanding in basketball and track, and for the past year has been president of the track team. In the recent elections Kay was acclaimed president of Women's Athletics for '42-'43.

Doris Danner gathered a grand total of 65 points during her sport-ing activities in the last three years. Track has been Doris's main interest, but she has also rendered valuable service as a member of the V.A.A.

Chris Willox is the third member of the trio to receive a major award. Chris has been enthusiastically plugging basketball on the campus since she first arrived, and the success of the intramural set-up is due in no small measure to her untiring efforts. She was president of the senior basketball team this past year, and did a grand job in that capacity.

The conditions to be fulfilled before a major award can be made, and to which the above three have adhered, are as follows:

The athlete must have 65 points clear if she participated in only one sport, or 40 points if she participated in more than one. In addition to the required number of points, she must have filled some executive position.

Minor awards, in the form "A" pins will be presented to Lois Belyea for badminton and basketball, to Betty Johnstone, Helen McDougal and Judy Ree for basketball, to Stella Catley for track and basketball, and to Joan McDonald and Bunty Sutherland for swimming.

Manager "M" pins will be awarded to Catherine Fergie in badminton, Ruth Rostup in tennis, Kay Lind in track, Roma Ballhorn in archery, Jean Vallance in fencing, Margaret Moore in the Outdoor Club. One step farther on, "M" numerals will be given to Chris Willox for basketball and Gerdrine Rowan for management of swimming. It might be explained here that the "H" numerals are an additional award to managers of sports already holding their "M" pin.

Catherine Fergie, Louise McAulay, Chris Willox, Kay Lind, Marion Blackburn and Shauna Little will be given riders in reward for their activities in their respective sports. Doris Danner, because of her contribution to the track team and Gerdrine Rowan because of her contribution to swimming, will be awarded felt "A's."

Catherine Fergie and Lois Belyea won the intercollegiate badminton championship, in recognition of which they will be given Golden Bear crests.

The Overtown team came out on top in the intramural system by a fairly impressive margin. The members of this team who should receive awards are: Margaret Robertson, Stella Catley, Doris Douglas, Dorothy Clarke, Marion Blackburn, Peggy Morgan, Roma Ballhorn, Betty Gordon, Kay Lind, Louise Shaw, Betty Tregale, Judy Ree, Paulette Jegard and Edna Hall.

Thus approximately 30 co-ed athletes will receive various awards come March 20. Congratulations to them.

Fourteen Hockey Stars Awarded Block "A" Crests

Six of Them Are Freshmen

As a result of the decision of the Men's Athletic Board to award fourteen "A's" to deserving hockey players, the following were selected for that honor from a list submitted by Supervisor Stan Moher: Joe Hewko, Bruce Mackay, Paul Drouin, Perren Baker, Barss Dimock, Jack Quigley, John Coulter, Ray Lemieux, Viv Kuzyk, Jack Setters, Bud Chesney, Ed Crowder, George Stuart and Bob Schrader.

There can be no quarrel with the tendering to these puckchasers of the recognition that is theirs as outstanding Varsity hockey players. All were prominent in league play during the winter, and had much to merit their selection. For most of them it will be the first hockey "A." Hewko, Drouin, Colter, Dimock, Kuzyk and Setters are freshmen, and it augurs well for the future of the great winter sport at U. of A. that so many first year men should rate an "A."

There were other deserving players, many others. The choice was difficult and the number of awards limited.

In the above list the names of Bud Chesney, George Stuart and Ed Crowder will be noted. After four years of giving their best to U. of A. ice squads, this trio of Bear veterans is graduating. They carry with them the best wishes of those who have been associated with them around these halls of learning. All were conscientious performers, with Chesney a particular standout in Varsity squads that successfully withstood the efforts of Saskatchewan and Manitoba teams in Halpenny Trophy playdowns. Chesney, Stuart and Crowder will be hard to replace on future Golden Bear aggregations. They have made an outstanding contribution to the sporting life of the University.

APPLICATIONS FOR RUGBY MANAGEMENT

Anyone wishing to apply for Manager of Rugby for 1942-43, please contact P. L. Baker at 33086 before April 6.



For Throat Easy Mildness—Smoke
Buckingham Cigarettes

JOHNSON'S CAFE

GOOD FOOD IS GOOD HEALTH

Corner 101st Street and Jasper Ave.

SPORTING GOODS HEADQUARTERS

Announcing 1942 Quality Sporting Goods

CAMPBELL'S GOLF CLUBS

CAMPBELL'S AND SILVER KING GOLF BALLS

SLAZENGER'S and CAMPBELL'S TENNIS RACKETS and TENNIS BALLS

Complete Stocks carried in

FOOTBALL VOLLEYBALL RUGBY BASKETBALL SOFT BALL

HARD BALL BOXING GLOVES PUNCHING BAGS

ATHLETIC CLOTHING ELASTIC SUPPORTS SPORT FOOTWEAR

If you need Sporting Goods Consult your Sports Committee

MOTOR CAR SUPPLY

Co. of Canada Ltd.

10130-105th Street

Edmonton, Alberta